

# **Spiritual Oppression Poems**

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## Games with Words

Voices playing

Games

With

Words

Saying

Nothing

Relevant

They

Speak

In

Riddles

Cryptograms

Like

Code

Originators

Code

Fabricators

Code

Broadcasters

Voiced

Transmission

Stations

A dartboard

**Of concocted stories**

**Voices**

**Creating**

**Labyrinths**

**And**

**Mazes**

**Of**

**Thought**

**Psychology wargames**

**To**

**What**

**End**

**Is there a reason**

**To so much**

**That is unreasonable**

**Is there a purpose**

**To such voiced illusions**

**Does**

**The labyrinth**

**Ever end**

**The mirror reflects**

**No one**

**I can clearly remember**



## Zen in Reverse

Voices shouting again

Over background noises

Zen in reverse

Or this is no Zen

I have sought to create

Islands under a dome

That no voice

Can penetrate

Voices shouting again

The later it gets

The volume

Turns like a weathervane

Audio wind

Audio wind

The mind can begin

To disassociate

Heard from voice

And voice spoken word

Voices dance the absurd way

Of audio King's Fool

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## Voices in the Room (pt. 1)

Voices

In the room

My room

Or so

I

Thought

It

Was

But, the voices

Don't recognize

Such

Boundaries

The voices.....

This faction

This

Band

Of

Vocal

Intruders

I allowed them in

In ignorance

**A fool**

**Was I**

**I**

**Was**

**Doing**

**EVP**

**Then out**

**Of**

**The**

**Recordings**

**The voices came**

**And**

**I**

**Began**

**To**

**Hear**

**The voices**

**Come**

**Out**

**Of**

**The**

**Sky**

**\*\*\***

## An Audio Faction

An audio faction

An audio element

Blitzkrieg

Through

White

Noise

EVP

Intrusion

A Trojan Horse

Of

Voices

I've seen it

Again

And

Again

An audio faction

Prowls

Recordings

To

Speak

Their

Lies

\*\*\*

### Audio Sunset

Audio Sunset

The voices

Sharpen

Steel

In

The

Darkness

Five hundred words

Heard

In the short life

Of my

Lit

Cigarette

With

Every

Night

Hour

Voices

Steal

**Power**

**\*\*\***

## **Audio Hour**

**Audio hour**

**Voices**

**Seem**

**Empowered**

**By diminishing**

**Light**

**By**

**Diminishing**

**Brightness**

**Voices.....**

**And words**

**Becoming**

**Envenomed**

**And I am here**

**And**

**I**

Hear

Some of this

Strange

World's

Mysteries

\*\*\*

## Voices Flotilla

Voices flotillas

.....armadas

In

The

Air

Of

My

Room

The presence

Is real

And

Clearly

Perceived

**Cannonades**

**Of voices**

**Fired off**

**In**

**Continuous**

**Measure**

**Attempted**

**Subjugation**

**Of**

**Mind**

**A fierce**

**Audio tempest**

**\*\*\***

## Island of Silence

Tonight

I will clearly hear

The voices

As I unfurl sails

And depart

For dreamt

Island of silence

Tonight

They

Will

Speak

Intimidations

They

Will

Listen

To

Thoughts

And reply

With propagandized

Vocals

and

Soliloquies

of moon craze

\*\*\*

## EVP .....Danger to Listen

When I first did EVP

The voices

Seemed

Sincere

Then I began

To hear

Them

Clear

With just

Both

Ears

Through April

And May

And up to today

With EVP

**The voices**

**That**

**You**

**Seek**

**May**

**Never**

**Want**

**To**

**Cease**

**To**

**Speak**

**Ears.....**

**Hearing.....**

**Sharpened**

**Changed**

**To**

**Lengths**

**Unknown**

**The**

**Voices**

**That**

**You**

**Seek**

**May**

**Not**

**Leave**

**You**

**Alone**

**\*\*\***

## **The Undiscovered**

**Voices**

**Over**

**Noise**

**Steady**

**Streams**

**Of**

**Noise**

**Used by voices**

**For**

**Enhanced**

**Broadcast**

**Into**

**Ears**

**And mind**

Ears

And

Mind

Voices

Dragging along time

Ceaseless

And mired

In the fog

Of the undiscovered

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## From Shadowed Defilades

Voices emerging

From shadowed

Defilades

Moving

In

Slowly

To proclaim

**Testimony**

**Of psychology**

**Warped**

**Into**

**Mind game**

**Haiku**

**With cloaks**

**And top hats**

**Voices**

**Prowl**

**Fog**

**Streets**

**Like**

**Sinister**

**Victorians**

**\*\*\***

## Voices Armada

I was at

Gravesend

Playing

Croquet

When

I saw

The voices

Armada

Coming up

The Channel

Audio sails unfurled

Voices galleons

Audio viceroys

Looking

Through

The

Spyglass

There was still time

To  
Finish  
The  
Game

\*\*\*

## Voices Mafia

Voices mafia  
Put hit out  
On my sleep  
Fire off  
Astral speech  
Like Tommy Guns  
And sporadic popping  
Of snub words  
From astral equivalent  
Of  
Same  
Gun  
Dillinger  
Used  
  
They tried

To get me  
On the street

But the Sun  
Was too bright  
And blinded  
Their dark  
Icicle eyes

Now they waited  
Until I got home  
And went  
To bed  
To  
Put  
The  
Hit  
Out  
On my head

Ramblings  
And ramblings  
About  
Superior  
Life forms

Voices mafia  
Capo  
Di

**Tutti**

**Capi**

**Astral**

**Audio**

**Thing**

**Of**

**Theirs**

**\*\*\***

## **Voices Dirigibles Once More in Flight**

**Voices dirigibles**

**Once more**

**In**

**Flight**

**Of voiced**

**Icy**

**Talk**

**Dumping venom**

**On my**

**Linoleum floor**

**The carpets vacuumed**

**They emerged**

**From the noise**

**Lies**

**Lies**

**And dignitaries**

**From lying collegia**

**Trained in the art**

**Of**

**Vocal**

**Lies**

**Airbursting**

**\*\*\***

## **Voices Armada (pt. 2)**

**After croquet**

**At**

**Gravesend**

**Voices Armada nearing**

**I**

**Went**

**Out**

**To**

**Meet**

**The**

**Voices fleet**

**Hopes for silence**

**Blaring**

**Like vision cannonades**

**Voices**

**Armada**

**Approaching**

**In formation**

**An audio enterprise**

**Upon sea**

**Of my**

**Night mind**

**Stolen**

**\*\*\***

## Shell Shocked Valley of Sound Blitz

Voices cavalry

Coming in

From Crimea

Or was it

Shell shocked

Valley

Of

Sound

Blitz

Voices

Like

Stukas

Of

Dive bombing

Words

Speeches

Of psychological warfare

Blast

Over the trenches

Of mind

Tiring

**Under**

**Winter**

**Night**

**Veil**

**\*\*\***

## **Voices Air Brigades**

**Voices**

**Air**

**Brigades**

**Release**

**Bombs**

**Of**

**LP Vinyl**

**Nothing**

**Good**

**To**

**Say**

**Chatter**

**On**

**Record**

**I know**

**It would be better**

**To listen**

**On CD**

**To silence**

**Stoic**

**And righteous**

**Voices**

**Air brigades**

**Swirl**

**Like**

**Hawks**

**Over**

**My**

**Weary**

**Bones**

**Looking**

**To**

**Swoop**

**Down**

**And**

**Negate**

**Headphones**

**Of**

**Distraction**

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## **Astral Border Zones**

**Voices**

**Sappers**

**Tunnel**

**Into**

**The perimeter**

**Of my**

**Perception**

**Range**

**Strange**

**Dimensions**

**Spilling**

**Over**

**Astral border zones**

**Brought**

**Into**

**Home of thee**

**By EVP**

**By EVP recording**

**My own broken gate**

**And now it's late**

**And voices from beyond**

**Assassinate**

**My**

**Radio**

**Bliss**

**Tunes**

**\*\*\***

## **Negative Spirit Attachments in Voice Broadcasting Dirigibles**

**Negative spirit attachments  
In voice broadcasting dirigibles**

**Across this room**

**Evening time**

**Midnight**

**Morning**

**Voiced dirigibles**

**Through walls.....**

**Through windows.....**

**Through ceiling**

**A stealth**

**Prism effect**

**Of sound wave distortion**

**All of these noises  
That speak**

**Upon my island  
Of defiance**

**I await the hours  
Of distant dreaming**

**\*\*\***

### **Negative Spirit Attachments Vocalizing**

**Saturday night  
The ground is ice  
Ice cold  
Blowing wind  
The voices chanting  
Psychological warfare diatribes  
Absurd lectures  
Reflecting nothing  
Sound waves permeate  
Like scissors  
Like Greek Fire  
What a banishment from rest I've found  
No sound  
But for audio auto-da-fe  
Again  
Same as every day  
Invisible torches burning  
Entities vocalizing  
Distortions of sound waves  
Through an invisible plague mask**

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## EVP Voices from the Sky

Voices

**Rained down**

**Shook the ground**

**Psychic percussions**

**Astral shockwaves**

**I sat in my chair**

**Feeling myself**

**Drift away from Earth**

**Hades trombones blew out meters**

**Of an open up the ground and sky tune**

**So I thought back then**

**Hypnotized**

**And mind shattering**

**Into fragments**

**For former EVP researcher self**

**Was I for a time**

**Then strafed and hit**

**By audio dive bombing harpies**

**Of Medusa's wind**

**Etheric telegraph lines**

**Fused to my skull**

**Relaying Morse Code in high pitch Inquisition**

**Then at night**

**The deep voice**

**Ground punchers were gone**

**But from upstairs rooms and ceilings**

**Dimensional stalkers**

**Dropped lead weights**

**And pineapple grenades**

**Of audio fragmentation into my ears**

**Here was my warm Spring season**

Being thrown into pits  
Of audio coliseums  
The sport for them was to fragment mind  
Of this human mortal  
The artillery was always there  
Voiced.....voiced.....voiced  
Loaded audio shell.....voiced phosphorus.....and salt peter  
Invisible nitrate flares choked my senses  
The sport for them was to fragment the mind  
I lie there.....thought bled  
In psychology nightmare

Voiced.....voiced.....voiced  
Out in the afternoon Sun now  
Platforms of etheric sound speakers  
Blast me with sports arenas of voiced hecklers  
Like a football stadium roaring.....blasting  
Into conscious mind  
An opening of chasms  
In subconscious self of me  
Targeted with audio thrashed blitz  
My dust of mind  
Lost to April rain

The severing of myself from the dimension  
A fissure  
Through which There were confrontations  
Of voices.....fangs.....and screaming night  
The situation is under self-reflection  
Analysis troubled by electronic evidence  
This is nothing that I expected at all  
One day they came through the white noise  
And stayed.....and stayed  
And troubled my days

After two weeks  
Weary.....lack of appetite.....lack of sleep  
Pharmacy prescription sleep inducement failing  
I began to have visions  
Of descending angels  
Formed from electric lights

**That so high.....pierced the ether  
It was around Sunset but without a Sun to set  
I heard running down the stairs  
And saw entities at midpoint  
A hazy gateway to astral descent  
In my room.....from that moment  
The world became much less clear  
Than it previously ever was**

**\*\*\***

## **Sentient Voices Thinking About Auto-Da Fe**

**I declare  
Right here  
And right there  
That the air  
Is full  
Of voices  
Sentient  
And thinking about  
Auto-da-fe**

**That's what they want  
All day  
.....auto-da-fe**

**They want it in May  
They want it in December  
I remember  
When  
Auto-da-fe  
Was in the noise  
Of my blender**

**Making  
A mixed drink**

**Now sunk  
Torpedoed in audio**

**Hallucinations  
Don't describe  
In Latin I never knew  
Or my shoes  
Being in the wrong place  
So that they can see my face  
Pace the room**

**Looking for shoes  
To go out  
And sing the blues**

**Where I was  
And where I'll be**

**Mountains  
Of voice memories**

**Stack up  
Like grated cheese**

**Please serve it up**

**With a side order  
Of exile**

**\*\*\***

## Haunting of Projected Voice

**They're coming through  
The noise  
Over the moat  
In their boat  
Shooting arrows  
Of mysterious words**

**These  
Voices  
Are  
Unto  
The breach**

**Filled with  
Audio-dynamite**

**They blow a hole  
In my soul's  
Radiating peace**

**I don't know why  
It's absurd**

**It's a haunting  
Of projected  
Voice invasion**

**My vacation  
Blown apart  
In the town square**

**Where I care  
About.....  
That thing**

**That my world has lost**

**That silence  
Before the frost**

**\*\*\***

### **Filed Away**

**Voices  
Hanging about  
Like Zeppelins  
Like gunships  
Like dark craters  
On stars  
Spreading  
Contagious noise  
Through our telegraph lines**

**What a deepening chasm  
In the gravity of years**

**Voices march out  
Like drummers  
And bag pipers  
On the heath**

**What is all  
Of this  
Petroleum commercialism**

**Have the voices  
Infiltrated deep**

**Into black projects  
Secretly funded  
Printing presses  
Of hallucinogenic  
Street ballads  
Plucked from the pubs  
And weaponized**

**Audio secret police  
Set up  
Their wiring**

**All of your  
Telepathic  
Lyrical composing**

**Is monitored  
And filed away**

**In data storage  
Universes  
Parallel  
To our own  
Manifest destined.....  
Cyber-nation**

**\*\*\***

## **Monolith of Voices**

**Every night  
I walk down the hallway  
In my condo  
And I run into  
A dark onyx  
Monolith of voices  
That damn thing  
Knocks me down  
Almost every time**

**It grows and forms  
From the astral gates  
That lie hidden in the venting  
It comes in  
Like a Victorian Age.....  
London fog  
It disperses obscurity  
Like a shot down Zeppelin  
Crashing into a field**

**It fires off encrypted Morse Code into my ears  
I send out my own distress signals  
But they've learned a few jamming techniques  
From the Eastern Bloc**

**The thing just stands there  
Like a pillar  
Of 1930's news reel fascist parades**

**I want to bust it apart  
With a sledgehammer  
But I don't want to wake up.....**

**The neighbors downstairs  
They've never done anything to me**

**\*\*\***

## **Propaganda Discord**

**All morning  
My ears have been getting hit  
With the voice's propaganda  
It's like Radio Free Europe  
Only run by demonic hordes  
In some Dante's Inferno  
Audio-twisted  
Sinister ideology  
For the propagation  
Of all things insane**

**The voices  
Cut through the discarded silence  
Like ninja stars  
Thrown by shadowy operations  
Speculating about a lost dream  
That never served any purpose**

**I often  
Have candelabra visions  
Even before I see the Sun  
But this morning  
There are only clouds  
As grey as nuclear fallout**

**I wanted to read something  
That would send  
A message of light  
In Morse code**

**The voices are reborn as vultures  
Along etheric barbed wire**

**Time is now.....  
Only a sentence of re-education internment  
I am groomed  
To approach the electric.....  
Dimensional voices  
As a Roman galley slave  
Rowing to a futile doom**

**These are not my golden adornments  
The false idols  
Of an audio wasteland**

**\*\*\***

## **The Moon Awaits**

**Only the moon  
Seems to give a shit  
That much I can tell  
That much has been true  
Since the beginning  
Of this voices affliction  
Of reverse mesmerism**

**That much I remember  
As my mind was being tattooed  
with ashen words  
there was always the moon  
like a bright escape up there  
waiting for the final scene  
it still awaits  
and I still dream  
of its silent desolation**

**\*\*\***

## **Audio-Wasteland**

**Voices filling the room  
With cacophonies  
Of fascist dictatorial  
Audio-mindlessness**

**My home has become  
An occupied territory**

**Whatever I think  
They make auto-fascist corrections**

**Bullhorn  
Imperialist speeches  
Decrees of the snake pit**

**The serpents slither  
It is not always their eyes  
But their voices  
That spew.....  
The venomous cocktail  
Of electrified and endless  
Gnashing of teeth**

**Who in their right mind.....  
But this is not the kind of place  
For that illusion  
Through my mind**

**But the propaganda is strong  
A hundred thousand tricks  
Of ancient cold wars  
Sharpened into fallen illusions**

**Bounce off these walls  
And strafe my mind  
Like a Messerschmitt impaled by the frequencies  
Of a Reichstag in flames**

**No.....there is no music here  
That could survive  
This is like a plateau  
Of shortwave discord  
Radio shrouds covering my eyes**

**\*\*\***

## **Hour of Your Awakening**

**Evil spirits here tonight  
Firing their Uzi's  
Of cut up voices  
Jagged words  
Shredding my walls  
Like Miami Vice nightmares  
Something's got to give here  
There's beer in the frig  
But that will only make them talk  
In slow motion**

**Some shadow dances  
Around me unseen  
Neither flashlight  
Or Super Nova could make it blink**

**Nothing is what it seems anymore  
It's all like a beautiful ice sculpture  
Melting in Death Valley**

**My own bedroom  
Has been like a dark alley  
Surrounded by strangers  
Fire escapes leading to nowhere  
Only a jump into  
A dark vortexing black hole  
Tar pit  
Abyssal  
Deep darkness  
Hour of your awakening**

**\*\*\***

## **Maybe Some Day of Some Year**

**Perhaps it's complex  
Perhaps it's a labyrinth  
Of Byzantine residual hauntings.....  
After hours  
Perhaps.....  
It's a monumental mind intrusion  
Through the front gates**

**Laughter is the best thing to use  
To stab fear in the back**

**I looked into a hundred mirrors  
And I heard the intruders talking back**

**Stars burn  
Far beyond  
But we are well removed  
And in the cold season**

**Every night  
Is like a hallucination  
When it's otherwise most silent  
They come out  
To whisper in the darkness**

**It's not what I see  
But what I hear  
That cast me into  
A vertigo of haze**

**And every trace of silence**

**Is shot down  
By the firing squad  
Of voices  
In the dimly lit and dreary maze  
Oppressive communiques  
Rolling down  
My ears**

**Maybe someday  
Of some year  
They'll disappear  
Back into the pit  
From which they came**

**\*\*\***

## Atmosphere

I sought them at first  
And they found me  
I didn't realize it at first  
That they would surround me  
I didn't understand in the beginning  
And I'm left unknowing today

Outside  
A winter storm  
Is blasting  
Cold air

Inside of  
This mind  
There is a feast of my thoughts

This nightly festival  
Of audio.....  
Auto-da-fe

Voices inquisitors  
Burst through  
My digital recorder  
I was guilty of trespassing

Into the zone  
Of the audio-shredded bone

Tonight  
Is drifting  
Down deep  
Into persecuted time

**I follow  
My own mind  
To its apex of resolve**

**What have I discovered  
So far  
But a sand bar of treachery**

**O' how many  
Isles I've seen  
Strewn with barbed wire  
White noise thorns  
Lining the perimeter**

**A dystopia now  
Unfiltered  
Through the atmosphere  
That once received me**

**\*\*\***

## **Spirit Oppression Blues (pt. 1)**

**Voices**

**Voices**

**Shattering the calm**

**Laying down napalm.....**

**Of senseless.....mindless.....**

**Drudgery of winter night**

**Stricken**

**With audio venom.....**

**So soon**

**It's almost ten**

**The hours get shanghaied**

**By nihilist voices gangs**

**Lurking in backrooms**

**It is only I that freezes here**

**They were made of stone**

**Long before I appeared**

**Long before I set eyes**

**On the full moon**

**There's no harmony**

**To their banshee wails**

**They**

**Triangulated**

**The**

**Night**

**With**

**Audio-scoped**

**Kentucky Rifles**

**That fell  
Out of a crate**

**That fell out.....  
Of an 18 wheeler  
In Poughkeepsie  
Sometimes around noon**

**\*\*\***

